

The Holt County Sentinel.

VOLUME I.

OREGON, MISSOURI, FRIDAY, JANUARY 5, 1866.

NUMBER 27.

Holt County Sentinel.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
CHAS. W. BOWMAN.
OFFICE—In brick block Northwest corner Public Square, Oregon, Mo.

Terms—In Advance:
One copy per year, \$2 00
Club of ten copies per year, 18 00
and one copy to getter up of club.

ADVERTISING TERMS.
One sq. (10 lines or less) one insertion, \$1 25
Each additional insertion, 75
One square three months, 5 00
One square six months, 7 50
One square one year, 10 00
One-half column one year, 25 00
One column one year, 45 00
One column one year, 80 00
Advertisers will please mark on their favors the number of times they wish them inserted.
Transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.
HON. BEN. F. LOAN, St. Joseph, Member of Congress, Seventh Congressional District.
HON. WILLIAM HERR, of Andrew, Judge Circuit court, 12th Judicial District.
I. C. PARKER, Circuit Attorney.

COUNTY OFFICERS.
A. G. HOLLISTER, Representative.
A. N. RILEY, Circuit Clerk.
WILLIAM KAUCHER, Sheriff.
A. J. EVANS, Co. Court.
SAMUEL THOMPSON, Co. Court.
WARREN B. DAVIS, Clerk.
R. D. MARKLAND, Attorney.
DANIEL DAVID, Treasurer.
S. C. COLLINS, Sur. & Assessor.

Professional Cards.

T. H. PARRISH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Oregon, Mo., will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to his care, in North-West Missouri and Kansas.
Office—One door west City Hotel, up stairs, n1-ly

DR. C. S. MEEK,
TENDERS his professional services to the citizens of Oregon and vicinity. All calls will receive prompt attention day or night, except when professionally engaged.
OFFICE—At Residence.
n46m

DR. J. P. YOUNG,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
FOREST CITY, MO.
TENDERS his professional services to the citizens of Forest City and vicinity. All calls will receive prompt attention, day or night.
124 9m

J. S. BUMPS,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OFFICE—At Peter's Drug Store,
OREGON, MISSOURI.
TENDERS his professional services to the citizens of Oregon and vicinity. All calls will receive prompt attention, day or night.
n2-ly

DR. H. M. WILSON,
OCULIST,
FOREST CITY, MISSOURI.
SPECIAL attention given to the treatment of all Diseases of the Eye. Satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.
OFFICE—At Residence.
n17-6m

JAMES SCOTT,
TAX-PAYING AND REAL ESTATE AGENT,
Oregon, Holt County, Mo.,
WILL attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care. Has a number of good farms for sale.
OFFICE—At Residence.
n6 1f

T. W. COLLINS,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
OREGON, MO.
OFFICE—In Brick Block, Northwest corner Public Square.
WILL Practice in the courts of Holt and adjoining counties.
n1-ly

R. D. MARKLAND,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OREGON, MISSOURI.
OFFICE—Southeast room in court house.
WILL GIVE prompt attention to any business entrusted to his care in the Twelfth Judicial District.
n1-ly

Zook & VanBuskirk,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Real Estate, Claim Agents, and Conveyancers,
OREGON, MISSOURI.
WILL give special attention to the collection of Claims, the sale of lands, the payment of Taxes for non-Residents, and the Redemption of Delinquent Lands for Northwest Mo.
OFFICE—One door West of City Hotel.
n1-ly

The Mason & Hamlin
CABINET ORGANS.
THIRTY different styles, adapted to sacred and secular music, for \$80 to \$600 each. THIRTY-FIVE GOLD or SILVER MEDALS, or other first premiums awarded them. Illustrated catalogues free. Address: MASON & HAMLIN, Boston, or MASON BROTHERS, New York. 118-1y

Business Cards.

A. C. BEVAN,
HOUSE, SIGN, & ORNAMENTAL PAINTER
OREGON, MISSOURI.
SHOP—Over Walters & Nelson's Blacksmith Shop.
n1-ly

JAMES H. NIES,
Dealer in Stoves,
AND MANUFACTURER OF
TIN, COPPER, AND SHEET IRON WARE,
Northeast corner of Public square,
OREGON, MISSOURI.
Old Copper, Brass, and Pewter taken in exchange for Tinware.
Je80-1y

COX & DILL,
DEALERS IN
Drugs and Groceries,
MONROE CITY, MISSOURI.
DESIRE to inform the public of Monroe City, and vicinity, that they have just opened a large stock as above, which they offer at the Lowest Possible Figures.
118 1y

Price House.
PETER PRICE, Proprietor.
West Side Public Square,
OREGON, MISSOURI.
The citizens of the county and the traveling public are informed that this house is still open and in good repair, with accommodations for the comfort of boarders and travelers. The house has with it a good stable for horses and a lot for teams and loose stock. Thankful for past and present patronage I solicit a share in the future.
123-ly

CITY HOTEL.
MARY A. KEEVES & D. W. MARTIN, Proprietors.
Oregon, Missouri.
THIS house has a superior location, being within two minutes walk of the post office and court house; is on a main street running east and west. It has recently changed proprietors and has undergone a thorough renovation and refitting, thus making it equal in its appointments to any first class hotel in the west. Its tables will always be filled with the best of the market affords. There is a stable, well furnished and convenient connected with the house.
118-1f

STUPPY & BEHR,
No. 16, North 6th st.,
ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI.
DEALERS IN
Pianos, and Prince's Celebrated
Organs, Melodions,
(All warranted for five years.)
Violins, Guitars, Flutes, &c., &c.
Fine assortment of Sheet Music, Genuine Italian and German Violin Strings, always on hand.
126-6m

J. UTT,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
HARNESS, SADDLES, BRIDLES, COLLARS,
WHIPS, &c., &c.,
NORTH-WEST COR. PUB. SQUARE,
OREGON, MISSOURI.
ALL Work done under the supervision of Captain J. S. HART.
n1-1f

KRAUSS & RECKER,
BREWERS,
FOREST CITY, MISSOURI.

HAVING enlarged their Brewery, they are now ready to supply their customers with good Beer, in such quantities as may be desired. Come and try it.
n19-6m

T. & S. HALL,
OREGON, MISSOURI.
DEALERS IN
Groceries, Confectioneries, Tobacco, and Fine Cigars,
TOYS AND NOTIONS,
Embracing in part
Oysters, Canned Fruits, Pickles,
Salt Fish, Sardines, Nuts,
Fine Teas, etc., etc.
Oysters Served up in Every Form.
124 6m

GEO. P. LUCKHARDT,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
OREGON, MISSOURI.
I am prepared to do any thing in my line of business. Pictures, such as
AMBOTYPES, FERROTYPES,
&c., &c.,
Taken in a superior manner, and at
Low Prices.
n1-1y

A PICTURE FOR JANUARY.

BY ERNEST H. REED.

Coldly down the dreary street,
Blows the wind and beats the sleet.
While the shutters, to and fro,
(As in unutterable woe)
Shriek a harsh unearthly song.
And through the night weird notes prolong.
Sitting on a lowly seat—
No shoes nor stockings to her feet,
Close beside the rich man's door,
Her form the lamplight streaming o'er—
A little child in piteous wail
Lifts up her voice with sorrow's tale—
In vain, in vain—the passers by
Nor heed, nor halt, to hear her cry!

The rich man's halls are dazzling bright,
And filled with beauty, youth and light,
And rich and gay have gathered there,
In social joys and scenes to share—
The jest goes round, bright wine they quaff,
And heard the song, the joyous laugh,
By one who sits without the door;
(Alas! how very poor!)
And still is heard her piteous cry—
And still the passers pass her by!

The snow is drifting down the street,
And rudely blows the winter's sleet—
The snow is drifting o'er her form,
And rudely howls the winter's storm—
As to the halls, so bright and gay,
Her eyes she lifts again to pray.
In vain, her voice they do not hear,
Amid their mirth and goodly cheer.
Her cry is feeble—feebler now—
And cold her hands—and cold her brow—
And still the passers pass her by,
Unmindful of her piteous cry.

The stars shine on the drifting snow,
Each particle seems all aglow—
Cold the earth and cold the sky,
The traveler's foot falls noiselessly,
And not a sound breaks on the ear,
The night so bitter cold and drear—
Cold the earth and cold the sky,
And still the passers pass her by.

Her voice is hushed and still as death—
Frozen limbs, and still her breath;
Frozen the tear-drops in her eye,
Yet still the passers pass her by.
Next morn, ah! piteous sight to see,
The little child rests quietly
(As if beside her mother's knee)
Beside the door-step where she died,
With mirth and joyousness beside.
They wonder how she came to roam
So far from friends, from warmth, from home,
And stop to breathe the bitter sigh—
The passers as they pass her by!

UNDER SUSPICION.

CHAPTER I.—THE ARREST.

"Uncle Joseph, will you see to the luggage?"

"Certainly, madam," I replied. I always called my brother's second, "madam," we never quarreled, but each thought that the other was the most disagreeable person in the universe; and as we each knew what the other thought, it may be imagined our intercourse was not of a very cordial kind.

I did see to the luggage, and then took tickets for the party for the York express by the Great Northern Railway.

Fortunately we had a compartment to ourselves, that is, Mrs. Webster, my niece Clara, and myself.

"Clara, my dear, you look as ill as you can look; no one would think that to-morrow was your wedding day."

"Do I look ill, mamma?" said Clara, dreamily.

"Yes, my dear, and wretched too. I wonder you're not more sense at your age, a girl twenty-five; and breaking her heart for love of a man who for four years has not taken the slightest notice of you."

"Why, it was one of the conditions, Mrs. Webster, that he should not write," I exclaimed.

Clara said nothing, but looked her thanks at her old uncle.

"However, Uncle Joseph, he ought to have come back and taken his dismissal quietly. I have no patience with these poor men blighting a girl's chance of getting well settled in life in this way; however, thank goodness, it's all over now, the four years have gone this three months, and to-morrow you will be the happy wife of a man whose age will command your respect, and whose position will secure you every comfort."

"And one, mamma, whom nothing on earth but my solemn promise to my poor father would make me call husband."

"Well, my dear, it's fortunate for your father interests that you made that promise. I'm sure that Mr. Tredgar is a man after my own heart. If I hadn't other views for my children's sake, I should have set my cap for him myself."

"I'm sure, madam, Mr. Tredgar would feel too much honored if he knew your sentiments; the candid avowal of them, I think, highly calculated to add to Clara's happiness under the circumstances."

"Well, you know, Uncle Joseph, I am a child to a fault."

"Decidedly, madam, most decidedly," I replied, a remark which caused Mrs. Webster to read a yellow covered novel for some time in silence, though shortly afterwards she dropped asleep.

Clara stole to my side of the carriage, and leaned her head on my shoulder.

"O uncle, I wish I were dead; can it be so very wrong to die? I am so wretched; I dread to-morrow! Oh! why will not God pity, and take away my life?"

"My dear Clara, don't, there's a good child; it's wicked to talk in this way; life must be borne; I have felt as you feel, and yet I live, and am not positively unhappy, only a vague, shadowy regret for what might have been stands like a cloud between me and any happiness that might be mine. Yours are keen sufferings, but bear them patiently, and use will dull the pain."

"But, uncle, why did he not let me hear from him, as mamma says?"

"Because he was a man of honor, the four years were up only last April, and this is but July; who can tell where he is? Wherever he is, he is faithful and true, I know."

"Oh! uncle, God bless you for those words. I know it too, but what can I do? I cannot delay longer; my poor father's dying words, my solemn promise to marry this man, my step-mother's persecutions—what can I do? Three months have I fought and now I wish I could lie down and die. O, uncle is there no escape? I have such a dread that he will come back after I am married, and then—oh! it would be worse than death to see him!—The temptation! oh! why cannot I die?"

"Poor child! my poor child!" was all that I could utter.

Bound by a vow made at her father's death-bed, she was going the next day to marry a man who was old enough to be her father, and who, but for the fact of his persisting in his claim, spite of her openly expressed dislike of him, was esteemed a very good kind of a man.

True, Clara was beautiful and accomplished beyond the average of women of her class, and such a prize, backed as he was by the assurances of the step-mother that was only a girl's fancy, and that love coming after marriage was more to be trusted and more lasting than if it came before. I confess I was but a poor counsellor under such circumstances, still I loved her very truly, she was almost as my own daughter, for I was a childless widower, and I would have given my life to save her. But it was impossible, and to-morrow would seal her fate.

It was not a pleasant journey, that Mrs. Webster read and slept at intervals the whole time, and when she slept Clara nestled close to me.

We arrived at York about six o'clock, and, just as the train was slackening speed into the station, a guard jumped on to the foot-board, locked, or unlocked the door, and remained there until the train stopped.

"Have you all your parcels, madam?"

"All, thank you, Uncle Joseph, except my umbrella—oh! that's under the seat," said Mrs. Webster.

"Now guard, unlock this door."

"Are you with that young lady sir?" pointing to my niece.

"Yes," certainly, unlock the door.

"Better not make a fuss, sir."

"Fuss, what do you mean?"

"Step into my office. I dare say it's all right. Better not say too much out here you know."

We followed him through the little crowd of passengers and porters, accompanied by a policeman in uniform. As we passed we heard fragmentary observations of a most pleasing kind.

"Which is it?" said some one.

"It's the girl, I think."

"No, it's the old woman; she looks as if she'd do any one a mischief if it suited her."

"Old man's looks too soft for anything," and so on.

We went into the office and I indignantly turned to the station-master.

"What's the meaning of this sir?"

"Oh, it's very simple, sir; a telegram has arrived from the police of London with orders to stop this young lady; here it is."

I took it and read:

"The young lady looking very ill, dressed in black silk mantle, white straw bonnet with white flowers, is to be detained at the station till the arrival of the officer by the afternoon mail. She is seated in the middle compartment of the third first-class carriage from the end of the train. Her present name is Clara Webster. To avoid the possibility of mistake, she has a diamond ring on the third finger of her left hand, with the words 'From Herbert,' engraved on the inside."

It certainly was a correct description,

and the name—there might be two Clara Websters, though.

"Let me see your left hand dear."

She pulled off her glove, and there was the ring.

"Let me see that ring with the diamond in it?"

"Uncle, what does this mean? Is anything wrong at home?"

"I'll tell you presently dear, give me the ring."

She took it off, and gave it to me, and I read "From Herbert" on the inside.

"Why, that's the ring Mr. Langley gave you!"

"What has he to do with this?" said Mrs. Webster. "Perhaps he—"

"Perhaps it did not belong to him, I was going to say."

I saw it was no use to struggle when the officer came down he would explain the mistake.

"Where can we wait?" I said.

"Wait, Uncle Joseph? what for?"

"Madam, this telegram orders the arrest of your daughter, and her detention here till the arrival of an officer from London."

"But what for?"

"I cannot tell: it is useless to complain now; we must wait."

"I shall do nothing of the kind; I shall at once go and get my brother and Mr. Tredgar to come down."

"Pray don't, madam; there's no occasion to make more noise about this matter than can be helped."

"I shall remain with Clara; you had better go on and say we are coming very soon."

"Your instructions don't include this lady or myself?" I asked.

"Not at all, sir; you are both free to go at any time, but the young lady must stay."

"Where?"

"Well, sir; I'm sure there's some mistake, and was so from the moment I saw the young lady, so if you'll give me your word not to go away, I'll take you into my house, out of the bustle of the station."

Mrs. Webster went off, and Clara and I went out to the house.

"What can it be, uncle?"

"Can't say, my dear; it will be something to laugh at by-and-by, though it's not pleasant now."

"But about the ring!—do you think it possible, what mamma said?"

"Possible! my dear, it's ridiculous. It's a hundred years old and I dare say belonged to his mother before he gave it to you."

"I can't think what it can be."

"Don't think about it. It's a mistake, that's all; it will be all cleared up in a few hours. We'll have some dinner, and pass the time as we can."

"Do you know, uncle, I feel almost glad of this; it seems like a break in the dullness; it puts off my wedding at least a week; mamma herself could not press it for to-morrow, after this."

We had dined, and got to be quite cheerful and laughing over the blunder as we sat at the window, when a rap at the door startled us both.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Packing Thoughts.

Do not assume that, because you have something important to communicate, it is necessary to write a long article. A tremendous thought may be packed into a small compass—made as solid as a cannon ball, and, like the projectile, cut down all before it. Short articles are generally more effective, find more readers, and are more widely copied than long ones. Pack your thoughts close together, and though your article may be brief, it will have weight, and be more likely to make an impression.

"Ye who write for this busy age," says a late author, "speak quick, use short sentences, never stop the reader with a long or ambiguous word, but let the stream of thought flow right on, and men will drink it like water."

Religion of Presidents.

The religious belief of the deceased Presidents of the United States, as indicated by their attendance upon public worship, and evidence afforded in their writings, may be summed up as follows: Washington, Madison, Monroe, Harrison, Tyler and Taylor, were Episcopalians; Jefferson, John Adams, and John Quincy Adams, were Unitarians; Jackson, Polk and Lincoln, were Presbyterians; Van Buren was of the Dutch Reformed Church. The surviving Presidents are Filmore, a Unitarian; Pierce, a Trinitarian Congregationalist; Buchanan, an Episcopalian; and the present Chief Magistrate, Johnson, who is a Presbyterian.

Church Etiquette.

It is fashionable with many to come late to church, long after the services have begun, to the edification of the curious in the congregation, and the comfort of the nerves of the pulpit. It has lately been decided, on high authority, that the following rules are to be observed on such occasions:

Let the lady advance one pace beyond the door of the pew she wishes to enter, halt, about face, and salute. The pew must be vacated by such gentlemen as are in it, by flank movement. The squad should rise simultaneously when the lady presents herself, and face by the right flank, then deploy into the aisle, the head man facing the lady, and the rest walking to his right and rear, the direction of the line being changed by a right countermarch, and forming again into line up and down the aisle, still faced by the right flank, the lady, when she sees that the coast is clear, completes her salute and advances to her position in the pew. The gentlemen break off by files from the rear, and resume their places. Great care should be taken, of course, by other parties, not to enter the aisle when this evolution is in progress, but to wait until it is completed.

ARE YOU READY?—The gates of the burial ground on Bunhill-fields were open; a hearse and four horses stood near, with a long line of mourning coaches, and a coffin covered with a pall, was conveyed to the silent tomb. As the mournful procession moved slowly through the gateway, the passer by was obliged either to cross the street or wait till the mourners had entered the burial-ground. At this moment, a working man, with a paper cap on his head, in crossing the street, accented a companion whom he met with the words, "Are you ready?" As he spoke he turned a significant glance on the funeral procession, and gave a shrug with his shoulders by which I understood he meant if his companion was ready to be carried to the grave. The question was put to a light-hearted, thoughtless spirit, and his companion replied, "Not yet." The question and reply occupied my reflections for some time after, and I thought to myself, how many there are among us, were the same inquiry to be made, who would answer "Not yet."

Distance to the Sun.
Imagine a railway from here to the sun. How many miles is the sun from us? Why if we were to send a baby in an express train, going incessantly a hundred miles an hour, without making any stoppages, the baby would grow to be a boy, the boy would grow to be a man, the man would grow old and die without seeing the sun; for it is distant more than a hundred years from us. But what is this compared to Neptune's distance? Had Adam and Eve started by our railway to go from Neptune to the Sun, at the rate of fifty miles an hour, they would not have got there yet; for Neptune is more than six thousand years from the centre of our system.

Valuable Presents.
This is the season of gifts, and we would recommend—to your enemy, forgiveness; to your opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your children, a good example; to your father, deference; to your mother, conduct that makes her proud of you; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity; to God, obedience.

AN EDITORIAL RECIPE.—The following is said to be the private recipe of a Washoe editor—but we don't believe it. "Take one pint of whisky, stir it well with one spoonful of whisky; then add another pint of whisky—best carefully with a spoon, and keep pouring in whisky. Fill a large bowl with water, and make the servants sit it out of your reach. Take a small tumbler, pour in two spoonfuls of water; pour out the water and fill up with whisky, and add to the above. Flavor with whisky to your taste. A dose—three fingers, every half hour."

It is stated that there is a talking dog at Springfield, Mass. He can say "good morning," "how do you do?" and many other things plainly.—[Leslie's Illustration.]

That's nothing; we have thousands of talking dogs out West here with only two legs who can beat your Bay State pups with four legs all hollow.—[Hannibal Courier.]

WHAT is the difference between an accepted and a rejected lover? One kisses his miss, and the other misses his kiss.